

THE  
SECESSIAD.

PITTSBURGH:  
PUBLISHED BY J. P. HUNT, MASONIC HALL.  
ALLEGHENY:  
J. P. HUNT, CORNER FEDERAL ST. AND SOUTH COMMON:  
1862.

Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2017 with funding from

This project is made possible by a grant from the Institute of Museum and Library Services as administered by the Pennsylvania Department of Education through the Office of Commonwealth Libraries

THE  
SECESSIAD.

---

IN Revolutionary story,  
Next to the Indian, ranks the Tory ;  
That is—to make the order seen—  
The next *below*, is what I mean.  
And nowhere grew so large and fine a  
Crop, as in South Carolina ;  
Where, slaves and darkness being thickest,  
Tories, of course, sprung up the quickest.  
But when it could not be denied,  
That they were on the losing side ;  
That for King George no chance was left,  
Of people, power and lands bereft ;  
They slyly 'mong their betters slipped,  
Who them and British both, had whipped ;  
And did the thing they thought next best—  
Hurra'd for Freedom with the rest.  
And thus, the dexterous cheats enjoyed  
What they would rather have destroyed ;  
And Freedom's blessed boon received,  
By better, braver men achieved—  
Like ticks on sheep, both fed and carried  
Upon the backs that they have harried.

This was before 'twas ever thought on,  
That there was kingly power in cotton,  
Ere the "peculiar institution"  
Gained dubious place in constitution,  
Or 'gan in Southern eyes to shine  
A thing celestial and divine,  
Fit to be the foundation stone  
In governments, A., Number One.  
The only king the tory herd  
Desired or served, was George the Third,  
While those as bitterest foes they held  
Who 'gainst their sovereign lord rebelled.

Now, if you are not all good at Fractions,  
You'll be non-plussed by some transactions  
That make things look, down South, the bigger,  
By reckoning slyly in the nigger—  
I mean for a representation  
In the great councils of the nation.  
They have a handy human chattel,  
At one time men, at one time cattle,  
Chattel or cattle to the State,  
To Unele Sam men fractionate,  
The Southern vote to supplement  
In Congress and in Government;  
Slaves counting up among the free,  
Five blacks as good as white men three.  
And so 'twere hard to tell which race  
A member stood for, in his place;

Or, whether even the great Calhoun  
Stood for Carolina or Gaboon.  
Now, do not laugh at this confusion ;  
'Tis so decreed by Constitution ;  
And wooly-heads have, ever since,  
Given South Carolina consequence.  
Cotton brought in but sordid pelf,  
But slaves were a part of herself,  
In ratio of three-fifths to one,  
Blood of her blood, bone of her bone—  
I mean politically speaking—  
Her helps to power and office-seeking.

But if the “ staple ” must have place,  
As sovereign of the southern race ;  
To solve the linsey-woolsey riddle  
I'll *splice* the difference in the middle,  
And will admit, as near the truth,  
Cuffee *and* cotton rule the South ;  
Since darkies that they lay the lash on,  
Bring cotton that they raise the cash on.  
So Cuffee, cotton, cash, unite,  
To form their sovereign tripartite,  
With trident sceptre, triple crown,  
And tripod, (easily thrown down,)  
And doomed to be at last, suspended,  
By three-ply cordage, and so ended.

Upsprouting from the ancient seed  
Of the prolific tory-weed,

A crop of traitorous men have come,  
The black knights of Secessiondom ;  
As base a crew as e'er was sung  
In satire, or in halter hung.  
They were all pretty well content  
With the old Union Government,  
As long as they could have their way,  
With office, patronage and pay.  
It was the future, not the past,  
That made them mutiny at last ;  
For Doctor Thornwell makes it clear  
That their secession sprung from fear—  
An “ apprehension,” so he names it,  
And into argument he frames it,  
As thus—they had an apprehension,  
That Lincoln's rule *would* cause declension  
Of southern chivalry and might,  
And each peculiar southern right  
That clusters round “ the institution,”  
Though guaranteed by constitution ;  
And so, 'twas Lincoln in possession  
Of the White House that caused secession.  
Do not then Southerners condemn,  
Since the Union first secedes from them.  
Such is his mighty argument  
To prove the Union should be rent  
By line that Mason drew with Dixon,  
Or one, usurpers yet may fix on.  
Of wrongs, they failed to mention any ;

Though fears, the timid souls had many.  
I own 'twas hard, majorities  
Should fail the aristocrats to please ;  
'Twas harder still that power should slip  
From such a patriotic grip,  
To light upon a Northern man,  
And he a Black Republican.

But other men had other reason  
For their small peccadillo, treason :  
Some of the boasted chivalry  
Were hankering after royalty ;  
Some favoring things aristocratic  
Feared northern notions democratic  
Might spread, and so at last displace  
Their chains from off the darkey race ;  
Some reckoned it a handy way,  
Their debts to northern men to pay ;  
Some said the Yankees wouldn't chase  
And catch their negro run-aways ;  
Some thought Virginia prices steep  
For slaves, while Africa's were cheap ;  
Some feared their precious " institution,"  
*Sans* territorial diffusion,  
Would speedily be good for " nix,"  
In profit or in politics.

The haughty lords of the plantation,  
With Politicians of the nation,  
And officers on sea and land

This wild secession scheme have planned.  
Reeking with basest perjury  
On quarter-deck and in marquee,  
The pampered favorites pledged their swords,  
As perjured senators their words,  
And big oaths swore that they would end  
What they had oft sworn to defend.  
But sovereign "people" slowly move  
Against the Government they love,  
While soldiers and the faithful tars  
Will not betray the "Stripes and Stars."  
"Let's have a vote," the people cried;  
"Well, vote away," despots replied,  
"But from the Union you must go  
"Whether your vote be aye or no."

Thus demagogues and politicians  
The people force to false positions;  
And in their bold usurping game  
Treat blacks and "white trash" all the same;  
Refuse their votes or, worse, disown  
Their honest votes for Union thrown.

Said Mister Polk, this for example,  
Which for the rest may serve as sample—  
Said Mister Polk, "Missouri must—"  
It was that Polk whose name is Trust-  
En, not the Bishop Brigadier  
Who changed his crook for sword and spear:  
Leonidas was this one's name,



His Lacedemonian namesake's fame  
To eclipse, when Cottondom shall see  
Columbus a Thermopylæ.  
Said he, that is, the Trusten Polk,  
To some one of the printer folk,  
"Missouri with her sisters must go,  
"I hate to think it else than just so;  
"I've made a speech for Southern rights,  
("One speeches makes, another fights.)  
"I'll send the speech for distribution  
"To help along the dissolution.  
"Two hundred to the *Bulletin*  
"Has made my bank-pile somewhat thin,  
"But as I have a trifle yet,  
"Here's a small check for the *Gazette*.  
"Your paper is a powerful print,  
"Especially with my speech in't.  
"We'll make a popular impression  
"To move Missouri to secession.  
"I much admire Jackson's position,  
"It shows the right sort of decision."  
Now, Polk was U. S. Senator,  
And Jackson was the Governor,  
The papers Mister Polk here names  
Were tools for carrying on their games,  
For scaring men with false alarms,  
For wheedling them to take up arms,  
For placing on their necks the yoke  
Of Catalinian Mister Polk.

Missouri, though, 'tis fair to say,  
Has made things work the other way.  
The Governor's admired decision  
Has made fugacious his position,  
And speed toward the Arkansas border  
Ranks him of locomotive order ;  
While Polk's great speech has brought about  
A Senate vote, "*He* must go out."

Through all the South 'tis just the same ;  
Conspirators have lit the flame,  
In secret conclaves have decreed  
The people must and shall secede.  
The Border States, as near the free,  
Try to maintain their liberty ;  
But since the slave power there extends,  
Rebellion, too, has many friends,  
And Government her aid affords  
Against invading southern hordes,  
To save the people from oppression  
By the fanatics of secession.  
But in the Cotton States, that lie  
Afar from aid and sympathy,  
There treason freed from all restraint  
Hears not a popular complaint,  
For foul ambition shuts its ear  
And people's lips are sealed with fear.  
Just as the slaves of Georgia  
Do not escape to Canada ;

Not that they love the chains they wear,  
But, cursed and crushed in blank despair.

But after all, their Governors,  
And Golden Knight conspirators,  
Bishops and Doctors orthodox,  
Could scarce have led them to hard knocks  
With good, yet brave, old Uncle Sam,  
For people knew 'twas all a sham ;  
Nor could they have been made rebel,  
But for a most egregious "sell :"  
They told the people (and they thought so)—  
Rogues oft in their own traps are caught so—  
They told them, more than half the Yankees  
Would meet them with huzzas and thank'es ;  
That Uncle Sam would yield through fear,  
With traitors both in front and rear.  
And thus they stormed, and swore they'd bolt,  
From the old Union would revolt—  
Secede, the gentle term they used—  
They would not stay and be abused ;  
They'd have a kingdom of their own,  
With Slavery as its corner-stone.

While congressmen thus did the thundering,  
False Secretaries did the plundering ;  
At once, the trembling North to frighten,  
And Uncle Sam's resources lighten ;  
Thinking that he would rather yield,

Than try the bloody battle-field,  
'Gainst chivalry, chock-full of bravery,  
Fighting for what supports them—slavery,  
Backed only by the North and West,  
Whose fighting record was “non est.”

It clothes war with unwonted charms,  
To be thus warranted 'gainst harms ;  
And fighting 's little else than fun,  
If foes will always turn and run :  
It dissipates all craven fear,  
To know there is no danger near ;  
And courage to the coward lends  
To know that half his foes are friends.  
Such arguments were mighty pleaders,  
To make the file follow their leaders ;  
And hard, I think, 'twere to be told,  
In this case, which was the worse “ sold.”  
For loyalty, of northern growth,  
More hardy than that of the South,  
When it beheld the eloven foot,  
The horns, and forked tail, to boot,  
Of treason, in the slave-mad crew,  
To arms, to arms it quickly flew ;  
When it saw, planned, the shameful rent  
Of the old glorious Government,  
“ Pro parte ” to the winds it flung,  
And to “ pro patria ” nobly clung.

As children grow, when sick or old,  
More like their parents—so we're told—  
So this young demon, hight secession,  
Which, of the South, has ta'en possession,  
This mis-begotten child of evil,  
Looks vastly like the father devil—  
The Toryism of other times—  
Only more so—in horrid crimes.

Torics were base enough, I know it,  
But couldn't hold a candle to it :  
Nothing's too sacred for abuse—  
Parole, or oath, or flag of truce ;  
Nothing too Indian-like to try—  
A skulking shot, or poisoned pie,  
A murderous aim from rock, or thicket—  
By which to kill the lonely piquet.

But, would we get a full impression  
Of the true spirit of secession,  
The means are furnished without error  
*Passim* within its reign of terror.  
Upon the treason-blighted ground,  
Which their despotic chains have bound,  
The Press and slavocrats unite  
To trample down the people's right ;  
And there the plundering chivalry  
Even with the people's goods make free,  
Look to Virginia, where they go.

And treat her bad as any foe,  
Steal in, steal while in, and no doubt,  
If they dare do it, would steal out,  
And leave Virginia to her fate,  
Now danger threatens their own State.

With victory flushed, and in a rapture  
For Anderson's and Sumpter's capture,  
The Chivalry, with ne'er a doubt  
To take the Capital, set out :  
But somehow, they have not yet done it,  
Although their hearts were set upon it ;  
And at the rate they have progressed,  
The capital wont be possessed  
By traitor bands; till old Potomac  
Shall run down big Behemoth's stomach.  
But now, so long, with eyes upon  
The capital and Washington,  
With mouths a watering for the spoil,  
They've lingered on Virginia soil ;  
That to attempt a retrograde  
The rebel leaders are afraid.  
They fear the people of their land  
Will sternly meet them, and demand  
What have you done ? Where have you been ?  
Wasting our money and our men ?  
Where are your promises of gain ?  
Bring us our sons and slaves again !  
They fear that those they call their troops,

Or forced to serve, or willing dupes,  
Finding each promise they had spoken  
To lure them on, now basely broken,  
Will change retreat into a rout  
The moment that they "face about;"  
And will, perhaps, ere it shall end,  
Their lying leaders all suspend  
From their commands; and, possibly,  
From strong limbs of some neighboring tree.

When Cottondom's battalions brave  
The Old Dominion come to save,  
We see them in their pleasant moods  
Among Virginia's rights and goods:  
How they display their wondrous power  
Her to defend, while they devour!  
What condescending airs they take on;  
(How finely fare on bread and bacon:)  
They swear that she shall have her rights,  
(But relish more her feasts than fights;)  
They promise she shall not be beaten,  
(As well she might as to be eaten;)  
They bring her troops, by Davis' orders,  
(Who yet are only dead-head boarders.)

Ah, poor Virginia! wronged and rent,  
Your trust deceived, your fortune spent,  
Not by the northern sons of toil  
But traitors nursed on your own soil!

Ah, poor Virginia! sad the day,  
When you were sold or given away,  
By your false leaders in Convention,  
Against your wishes and intention.

The Revolution had one traitor,  
Secession has its hundreds greater,  
In church, in state—it is no fancy—  
B. Arnold yields to Mister Yancey,  
To Davis, Palmer, Twiggs and Polk,  
And scores besides, of perjured folk,  
Who people led, as truth must tell,  
By sword and sermon, to rebel;  
And who set up by lies and stealth  
A slavoeratic commonwealth.  
Secession is more mean and peevish  
Than toryism, and more thievish,  
More Judas-like, of truth more void—  
I give the sample—Mister Floyd,  
Who broke his oath, his trust abusing,  
Better at stealing arms, than using;  
And Cobb, who cheated without mining  
Far more than all the rogues in Sing Sing.  
What tories ever cut such capers  
As we are told of in the papers,  
'Bout Senators Slidell and Mason,  
Who courting went, like ancient Jason,  
To foreign kings, with offers great  
Of cotton for protectorate?



Grey-haired conspirators were these  
Who had overthrown their country's peace,  
And now, the ruin to complete,  
By base disguises and deceit,  
Had dodged, like pirates, the blockade,  
To beg from foreign monarchs aid.  
But when they were upon the seas,  
With thoughts upon the golden fleece,  
When under British colors snug,  
They felt as nice as bug in rug,  
Or like the youthful swine "in clover,"  
Or tars when, like them, "half seas over,"  
(There sometimes happens such a slip  
Between the wine-cup and the lip,)  
Alas! came Captain Wilkes along,  
To change the tenor of their song  
To horrid bass, and take them into  
The hum-drum of the San Jacinto,  
Whence, 'stead of shining in courts foreign  
Ha, ha! they brought up in Fort Warren.  
Thus of these slavery emissaries,  
These cotton-gospel missionaries,  
The lot, in one point, corresponds  
With Paul's—*ambassadors in bonds*.

'Twould make my poem rather long,  
To name each traitor in the throng;  
And 'twould take longer to describe them,  
Than it would take for gold to bribe them:

But one there is, 'twould be a pity  
Not to admit into my ditty.

The Senator from old Kentucky  
Was not, like Mister Wigfall, plucky ;  
And so, in Senate chose to stay,  
To aid the cause, and poeket pay ;  
Hoping, if he stayed in, no doubt,  
To engineer Kentucky out.  
But when he heard her thrice proclaim  
She would not stain her honored name,  
Nor would not make herself a bridge,  
For fallen Mister Breckenridge  
To pass to Mister Davis' land  
To join the false and bloody band ;  
A little nigger boy, they say,  
Close stowed him in a one-horse shay,  
And "toted" him across the border,  
Subject to Mister Davis' order.

O Lucifer, son of the morning,  
Wasted on Breckenridge your warning !  
As you from heaven to deepest hell,  
From fame to infamy he fell.  
Yet, Lueifer, you'll find your match  
When you this Loco-foco catch,  
Which I advise you to postpone,  
Unless you wish to lose your throne,  
Or fear a rival hell he'll make

Of Dixie, and its sceptre take.  
Adept in histrionic art,  
He can perform in any part ;  
For a State's rights can argue well,  
Or help to force her to rebel ;  
To Senate for Kentucky go,  
Or join her base invading foe ;  
Vice President can now appear,  
Anon, a rebel Brigadier,  
Willing to fight, as he gains pluck,  
Both Uncle Sam and dear Kentuck.  
Such is Secession's last recruit,  
Destined to taste its bitter fruit,  
To end his play of Cataline,  
(If not too early drowned in wine,)  
Testing, beneath some oak or maple,  
The strength of good Kentucky staple.

As it is said, " Birds of a feather  
Will naturally flock together,"  
The aristocrats of the plantations  
Make court to those of other nations,  
Upon a common sympathy  
About this young Democracy ;  
And thence, without another reason,  
Derive the hopes that flatter treason.  
It takes, I think, no stretch of fancy  
To picture, for example, Yancey  
Presenting Carolina's case,

With scrape and bow, to royal grace.  
"O august sovereign condescend  
A pitying eye and ear to lend;  
Forbear on us the guilt to fix  
Of the old wrong of Seventy-Six,  
For it was done by Jonathan,  
At least the mischief he began.  
The Democratic tribe, 'tis true,  
Have spoken rather hard of you,  
(And this, I humbly beg you'll note,  
Was to secure the Irish vote;)  
And on the tottering Union's side  
With Black Republicans have vied.  
But, like yourself reluctantly  
To plebian voting, we agree;  
And, to such vulgar fashion loth,  
We've "cut" the northern parties both.  
Then let your sympathies be wrought on  
For the Confederates and cotton;  
Sea-Island of the greatest beauty  
Shall reach you without export duty,  
For we'll throw of the eight per cent,  
When you avenge the insulted Trent;  
And free admit your cloths and silks  
When you, from shocking Captain Wilkes,  
Take, for our good and yours, occasion  
To whip the Democratic nation."

'Twas very like that Government,  
Not formally to give consent  
When slavocrats for recognition  
On bended knees make their petition.  
'Tis not for cotton she cares ought,  
Or that free trade has cost a thought,  
'Tis not that Yankee competition  
Threatens her markets with division,  
And above all, 'tis not that she  
Thinks less of young Democracy,  
Or wishes that the Southern rent  
Should dash our brag experiment,  
And 'mong her Commons breed alarm  
To break the Democratic charm.  
Oh no! her christian virtue hates  
The slavery of the Southern States.  
Besides, she has profound respect  
For Jonathan, nor would neglect  
The courtesy due to a nation,  
Though of Republican persuasion.  
Oh no! a mercenary thought  
Her virtuous bosom harbors not.  
It is philanthropy, be sure,  
Nay 'tis benevolence most pure :  
Eight million slaves gave it beginning—  
Four raising cotton and four *spinning*.

Her veteran statesmen, therefore, show,  
What Seward's sort sure ought to know,

That Uncle Sam's best policy  
Toward the rebel States would be,  
To let Secessiondom alone,  
And bless his stars that it was gone.  
For then the grand Democracy  
From stain of negro-bondage free  
Far higher would loom up and greater  
In good opinion o'er the water ;  
While the Slave States confederate  
Would sink to Tartarus, by weight  
Of their own chosen *corner-stone*  
Tied to their worthy necks alone.

Now sure, philanthropy was, never,  
So comprehensive or so clever !  
Ne'er since diplomacy began,  
So logical or cute a plan !  
To give usurpers present gladness,  
And distant hope to the slave's sadness ;  
A freed North with new fame to thrill,  
And Manchester dinner-pots to fill.

And so, our British friend proceeds  
To square her logic with her deeds,  
Or, deeds and logic by her needs,  
To signalize impartiality  
By oddest species of neutrality.  
With knowing wink she recognises  
The pirate ships that take our prizes :

But does she not, by Treaty, smile,  
On easy Jonathan, the while ?  
If he wont mind the Harvey Birch,  
Nor use *her* patent right to search,  
She'll graciously forbear to sweep  
His scanty navy from the deep !  
But if he ever dares to use  
The gander's sauce upon the goose,  
John Bull speaks up and with an oath says  
" We don't make laws for working both ways,"  
And so when Captain Wilkes laid hands  
On Trentonautic contrabands,  
A war cry rose on British shore  
*As if 'twere all rehearsed before.*  
Old England wavered in her wits  
And fell into hysteric fits,  
When in her ears the news was told,  
That Yankee ships had grown so bold,  
And through all England, Uncle Sam  
Was cursed, from Court to Birmingham.  
But Jonathan was no way flustered  
To hear how mother England blustered :  
" If you want Mason and Slidell"  
He coolly said, " why, very well ;  
And if of rogues you still are short,  
We've a few left of the same sort."

But Uncle Sam will come out right :  
He'd rather work and think than fight,

And pork and corn and cotton sell,  
For war scarce ever pays as well.  
He'd rather be at peace with all lands,  
Believing it the best for all hands,  
And trusts, again, e're long, to see  
His ports, his trade and people free.  
Old England's rampage doesn't fright him,  
Nor would it if she came to fight him ;  
Yet he would, doubtless, peace prefer,  
If quite agreeable to her.  
Yet Uncle Sam is not so plaint  
As Quirk & Gammon's timid client,  
Nor ready yet award to take  
Such as Squire Bull does sometimes make,  
A shell to A, a shell to B,  
The Oyster is the Lawyer's fee.